

The Rev^d Dr. Robert Tomlinson
Rector of *Whicham*.

The Rev^d Mr. Leonard Shab
Rector of *Gatefide*.

You'l Pardon me the Using of Your Names to it, when it's considered, that *the Clergy, of all others, have the nearest Claim to a Performance of this Nature; None have more to do with the Sabbath than they: They are not only obliged to be strict Observers of it themselves, but are also to see that others are so too.*

As to You in particular, It is no Secret to those that know you, and therefore is none to me, who boasts of being in that Number, that You shine with Lustre, equal to the most deserving of Your Brethren, in all the Graces and Virtues of the *Priesthood*; and therefore I hope You'l Pardon so just a Freedom from

Gentlemen,

*Your much obliged, and
most humble Servant,*

PASTORAL

Between

CORYDON and THYRSIS.

Corydon.



HIS Evening, *Thyrsis*, with it's sultry Heat,
Requires some Arbour, or some shady Seat;
To leave the Cottage for the cooler Breeze,
In open Hedges, or in closer Trees.

Thyrsis. 'Tis true, the Hedge affords an
[Evening Shade,

But Trees are rather for our Converse made:
Their venerable Shades the Soul inspire,
With serious Thoughts, and with an heavenly Fire:
No more we think of Earth, whilst them beneath;
But Things above, and holy Wishes breath;
Their still Retreat, their Silence raises Love,
To better Shades, and sweeter Bow'rs above.
See yonder Trees; we'll sit without Controul,
And cool the Body, whilst we warm the Soul.

Cory. 'Tis pleasant Here, beneath this Roof of Leaves,
Which kindest Nature, with those Branches weaves,
To view these Hills, and Dales, and that fair Mead;
The whit'ning Harvest, and the Cattle feed;
The pleasing Streams of the *Meander'd Tyne*,
So smoothly flowing, and so clearly shine.

Thyr. True, They are sweet; but how more sweet than they
Are Fields and Meads above the *Milky-Way*?
No Autumn's there; no Winter's Frost and Snow,
Which kill the Beauties of these Sweets below;
But living Waters, and unfading Bowers,
Perpetual Spring, and everlasting Flowers.

Cory. No doubt, these heavenly Scenes do far exceed
The earthly Flower, the Fountain, or the Mead.

But yet our fading Sweets do cheer the Heart,
And joys surprizing, to the Soul impart.
Say *Thyrſis* then, what Share of Love we owe,
To theſe fair Objects of this Orb below.

30

Thyr. Love them we may, but with inferior Love;
Not ſuch as that we owe to Things above.

Our Hearts muſt aim at Objects vaſtly higher,
Sit looſe to theſe, and heavenly Things deſire:
The Pilgrim poor, or Stranger paſſing by,
Beholds our Glories with a tranſient Eye;
He ſees, and likes them, but he makes no ſtay,
He elſewhere loves, and thither haſtes his Way;
So ſhou'd our ardent Love, not take it's Stand
On this Side *Jordan*, but in *Canaan's* Land.

35

Cory. Happy are they, who've paſſ'd the ſwelling Tide
Of *Jordan's* Flood, and reach'd the other Side;
Who've paſt the Waves, and gain'd the happy Shore,
Who've dy'd to live, and live to dye no more,
Surely they reſt in Peace. But what's that Peace
And what thoſe Joys, which ever will increaſe

45

* *We ſee but darkly.* O! cou'd *Thyrſis* find
Some lively Emblem to inform the Mind

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

50

Thyr. The Things, O *Corydon*, Thou long'ſt to know,
The brighteſt Emblems do but darkly ſhow.

Our Sun, when ſhadowing out the heavenly Light,
Is dim as Day-break, from the Womb of Night.

Our Fields and Fountains, and our murm'ring Streams,
To Joys above, are but as idle Dreams.

55

Where's then an Emblem of the Heavenly Reſt?

What earthly View of Things will ſuit it beſt?

Our Reſt's but Trouble, but that Reſt is Blifs:

Our's is a Scene of War, and that of Peace.

60

Believe me *Corydon*, 'tis hard to ſhow,

A Sketch of Calmneſs, where the Winds do blow.

If ought that Peace and Reſt can repreſent,

In Draught tho' humble, and in Colours faint,

'Tis this good Day, the quiet Sunday's Eaſe,

65

When publick Toils, and weakly Labours ceaſe.

To Day, as thoſe above, we Work give o're,

Reſt from our Labours, and our GOD adore:

But do not reſt as they, to toil no more.

Our Work is with our Day of Life begun

70

And ceaſes not until the Ev'ning Sun.

But when we've toild, and in the Vineyard wrought,

1 Mar. ix.

With ſuch induſtrious Care, as Lab'ers ought,

We ceaſe to Labour, and we reſt from Pain

Thus the poor Mariner bereav'd of Ease,
'Midst raging Billows, and the stormy Seas,
Works at the Sail or labour at the Oar,
'Till safely landed on the wished-for Shoar.

Cory. Justly, O *Thyrsis*! doth the Sunday's Ease,
An Emblem give us, of Eternal Peace.
But shou'd not this allure and charm the Mind?
Find always Love, and always Reverence find?
Shou'd not the Sabbath's Rest the Soul imploy,
On Rest Eternal, and our future Joy?

Thyr. No doubt it shou'd. When every toiling Swain,
Doth from the Labours of the Week abstain;
It cheers the Soul, to have in View the Day,
When Care and Labour shall be done away.
When we behold the Village all at rest,
Eternal Peace, tho' faintly, is express:
The Sunday's better Garb doth sweetly show
Our heavenly Garb, our *Raiment white as Snow*.
The Church, when met in Unity and Love,
An Emblem gives us of the Church above:
It's Psalms and Praises with our Voices high
Are Emblems of the Songs above the Skie.
These are some earthly Views of heavenly Joy,
And these on Sundays shou'd the Mind imploy.

Cory. Sweet is the Subject! Happy sure are they,
Who thus imploy the peacefull Sabbath Day.
Who from an earthly Scene to Heaven can look,
And pant thereafter, * *as the Hart the Brook*.
But yet, Oh *Thyrsis*! some, I've heard, esteem,
This Rest a Fancy and a roving Dream:
† They talk of *Bullocks* and the lab'ring Plough,
And others work and worldly Things pursue;
Some Churches scorn, and Altars vilely use,
And GOD himself, whilst they his Priests abuse,
The holy Stories of the Days of old,
As Wit they mention, and as Jokes unfold;
And ancient Prophecies they make allude
To low Events, to sport the Multitude
Is this a Sabbath's Rest? Can such as these
Have any strong Desires for Heavenly Peace?
Do they not rather Earth and Trifles prize,
And GOD, and Heaven with Happiness despise?
Will such the Crown of Glory ever gain?
No, rather for them Death and Hell remain.

Thyr. Thou glows, O *Corydon*, with zeal too warm,
There's Sin in judging, and in Censure harm.

I guess thy Meaning; but I believe it true, that
A Friendly Tear is rather from that due,
Pity that H E whom highen Thoughts beset,
Shou'd chuse so abject and so low a Theme,
Play the sacred Truths of ancient Days,
Shou'd bear a Part to win for poor a Bays;
But yet I scarce can think that what is writ
Was 'gainst those Holy Things, design'd as Wit.
If I may judge, his Work shou'd be defin'd,
A *Barm* unthought, a *Scandal* undesign'd.

But those who've really sacred Things abus'd,
E'en holy'st Ages ever have produc'd.
Tares with the Wheat will grow. But let them be,
'Tis not O *Corydon*, for you, for me,
To seal their hast'ning Fate, or judge their Doom;
But leave those Secrets, 'till the Harvest come.
Purge we our latent Crimes, be that our Care:
Let's judge ourselves, but other Men let's spare.
Let's tread the pleasing Thorns of Virtues Way,
Let's keep the Orders of the Sabbath Day,
It's sacred Worship, and it's Rest obey.

Cory. Pardon me kindest Swain, this youthful Heat:
May all repent, and all hereafter meet
In happier Shades, than these. But something still,
Requires thy Knowledge, and thy easy Skill.

Oft have I, *Thyrfis*, on a Sunday-Noon,
When publick Service was at Chapel done,
Beheld thee gently walking in the Mead,
Or 'midst the Corn, with slower Steps to tread;
To view the Sheep a while, and then repair
To yon still River, or the Fountain clear.
Oft from behind a Bush, I've view'd thy Eyes
And Hands uplifted to the Azure Skies.
Is it Devotion then, and Sunday's Ease,
Thus to contemplate, and the Mind to please?
O! tell me *Thyrfis*, tell me how to find,
By walking thus, to entertain the Mind.

Thyr. Thou dearest *Corydon*, thou youthful Swain!
Thou blooming Virtue of the Rural Plain!
The Morn of Life thou wisely hast begun
O may thou labour till the setting Sun,
Bear but the Heat, and Burden of the Day,
The Noon's but short, and then's the Evening Pay.

Thou asks the Name of the Mental Talk,
When I on Sunday take an Evening's Walk;
But I'm diverted by yon Orzoy Shore,

Or when I'm 'midst the Corn, or view the Sheep,
Visit some shallow Spring, or Fountain deep.

Thou know'st, O Corydon, we've Here no Home,

* No 'biding Place, but seek for one to come: Heb. xlii. 44.

† We're all but Pilgrims, and as Strangers Here, 1st Cor. xxi. 17.

As from the oldest Days our Fathers were.

Sure it becomes us then to raise the Eye, 175

From lower Objects to the Things on high:

From earthly Prospects to immortal Bliss.

† The Heart shou'd follow, where the Treasure is. Mat. vii. 21.

When then a Sunday's View of Things is given

My silent * Conversation is in Heaven; Phil. iii. 20. 180

Where e're I walk, whatever Objects find,

They're turn'd to Heaven, and so divert the Mind.

Thus when I silent walk by yonder Shore,

The Minds uplifted, and on high does soar.

It first reflects on proud Euphrates' Tide; 185

Where captive Israel did in Bondage 'bide;

Their Voice untuned, and their Lyres unstrung,

And all in Grief upon the Willows hung.

How Babylonish Taunts their Ears did fill,

And how they wept and wish'd for Sion's Hill. 190

Then it reflects on Life; this wretched Life,

A Land of Trouble, and a Shore of Strife;

Where we like them, as Captives are detain'd,

Far from our Country and our promis'd Land;

We're plac'd like them, in 'midst of Doubts and Fears, 195

In Plains of Troubles, and in Vales of Tears.

O Thou † who turns the Rivers of the South! † Psal. 126.

With Joy our Tongue, with Laughter fill our Mouth.

Turn our Captivity; our Foes destroy;

That we who sow in Tears may reap in Joy. 200

Or when I walk upon the flow'ry Mead,

And on the King-Cup, or the Daisie tread,

The Soul takes Eagle's Wings, and upwards flies

And views the * Pastures green above the Skies. Psal. 23.

Sweet is the Daisie, and the Violet blue, 205

Sweet is the Meadow in it's Vernal Hew;

But sweeter much is the Celestial Mead

Which fears no Winter, nor no Spring doth Need.

When by a solitary Well I sit,

The Mind regales it self in sacred Writ; 210

How Hagar was refresh'd, it loves to tell;

Of Abr'ham's, Isaac's, and of Jacob's Well.

As it goes on † it digg'd up Fountains still; † Psal. 138. in Me.

Then Views the dewy Top of Heman Hill;

From whence it's easy Flight on high does soar,
Where's living Water, or where's Thirst no more.

If through the ripening Corn, I take my Way,
(As did our Saviour on the Sabbath-Day)

The Soul in Fancy hears the Hills rejoyce,
And all around to raise their Tuneful Voice;

Such Joy the Prospect of the Corn does bring,
That * all the Valleys seem to laugh and sing.

And shall the Hills rejoyce, and shall not we,
Tune up the Voice, and joyn in Symphony?

Surely, that GOD is worthy to be prais'd,
Who such an Harvest from the Valley rais'd.

Often I stand, to view the fleecy Kind
Which numerous Fancies raises in the Mind:

The Shepherd's Care for his poor harmless Sheep,
His daily Labour, and his little Sleep;

The Sheep how helpless; how they often stray,
And to the lurking Wolves become a Prey.

How Jacob watch'd his Flock with great Delight,
Tho' burnt by Day, and almost starv'd by Night:

How David kill'd the Lion and the Bear,
And fought defensive of his fleecy Care:

But the great Shepherd, which the Flock doth keep,
Laid down his Life, to save his darling Sheep.

O thou great Shepherd! who in Desert vast,
Will leave the Flock, and seek out one that's lost;

Recall thy Sheep from out of Stranger's Hold,
† They'll know thy Voice, and follow to the Fold.

Thus Corydon, I spend the Sunday's Noon,
And thus contemplate when I walk alone;

But various Ways there are, to raise the Mind,
Which Nature teaches, when the Soul's inclin'd,

Each Creature's full of the Almighty Jove,
A Subject fitting, and a Theme of Love.

Cory. Thanks to Thee gentle Swain, Thou'st shewn the Way,
I'll strive to walk in't, and not turn astray:

Ever whilst Life remains, the Sunday's Rest
I'll hold devoutly, and esteem as blest.

Thyr. Yes, hold by GOD, and he will guide you best.
The Smoak I see, from Cottages ascends,

The Sun is set, the Sabbath shortly ends,
Let us return, and fitly close the Day,

And as at Morning, so at Ev'ning pray.

